

White Cloud



Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

"MY POLICY."

BY J. E. KELLOGG.

Oh! Andy John, my John,
When you were first elect,
You made a famous speech, John—
Told us what we might expect:
You said too many things, John,
We couldn't understand;
It made our friends hang down their heads,
Throughout this nighty night.

Oh! Andy John, my John,
On twenty-second day,
You made another foolish speech,
To rebels dressed in gray;
Your speech was very fine, John—
You said it was a sin,
That Sumner and Thad. Stevens, John,
Would not let them rebel in.

Oh! Andy John, my John,
We have often heard you say,
And tell how odious treason was,
To rebels dressed in gray;
You told them they must wait, John—
Indeed, they could not wait,
With honest men in Congress here,
But take a backward seat.

Oh! Andy John, my John,
You spoke to colored people, John;
And many heard you say,
That you would be their Moses, John,
And lead them out of Egypt;
But you have put your vote, John,
Upon the Freedmen's bill.

Oh! Andy John, my John,
You lately made a speech,
And told them you were friendly, John,
And would their children teach;
You were their only friend, John,
And would not let them fight;
But put your vote on the bill,
That gave them civil rights.

Oh! Andy John, my John,
The people thought you true;
They gave you all their votes, John,
And honored such as you;
But you have turned about, John—
The people you despise;
You tell them you are great and good—
"My policy" is wise.

Oh! Andy John, my John,
The time will surely come,
You will regret these things, John,
When all your votes are done,
You could not drive the people, John,
Or even make them nod;
They always keep their powder dry,
And put their trust in God.

Oh! Andy John, my John,
"My policy" is bad;
It will not help the blacks, John,
But only make them mad;
How million prayers might help you, John—
Indeed, no one can tell—
If you could only trust in Him
"Who doeth all things well."

Oh! Andy John, my John,
You do not leave your place,
Like Tyler or Buchanan, John—
Retire in deep disgrace;
Act solely for the people, John,
With Congress here and click;
If you keep on "my policy,"
They will not budge an inch.

Select Tale.

UGLY BEN PURTLE.

The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle. He was red-haired, and each hair stood as if it cherished the supremest contempt for its next neighbor. His face was as freckled as the most spotted turkey egg. His nose supported at the bridge a large lump, while the end turned viciously to one side. His mouth had every shape but a pretty shape. His form was as uncouth as his face was ugly. The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle—what was more still, Ben had a handsome, bouncing, blooming wife—such as can only be grown upon a country town.

"How the deuce," said I to Ben one day, "did you ever get such a wife, you uncouth, misshapen, quintessence of monstrosity?"

Ben was not at all offended by the impertinence of my question, and forthwith began to solve the mystery thus:

"Well, now, gals what's sensible ain't scolded by none of your purty faces and highlakin' airs. I've seen it tried more'n once. You know Kate was allers considerable the purtiest girl in these parts, and all the young fellers in the neighborhood used to go to catch her. Well, I had to go over to old Sammy's, to just kinder look on, you know, and cast sheep's eyes at Kate. But marry sakes! I had no more thought that I could get Kate, than a Jerusalem cricket could hide in the hair that wasn't on old Sammy's bald head—no, sir, no. But still I couldn't help going, so my heart would kinder flutter, and my eyes would burn all over, whenever I'd go to talk with Kate."

"And one day, when Kate sorter made fun of me, like it always killed me, sure, I went home with something like a rock, justling about in my breast, and declared I'd hang myself with the first plowline I found."

"Did you hang yourself?"

"No, daddy! I went out to me for taking old Ben to the pasture in the morning, and scared me so that I forgot it."

"Go on, said I, seeing Ben pause with apparent regret that he had not executed his vow."

"Well, so one Monday morning—(I reckon it was a year after that hanging scare)—I got up and scraped my face with daddy's old razor; and put on my new, coppery britches, and a new linen coat mammy had dyed with sassafras

Miscellaneous.

SCOTT.

His long life-march is ended,
His battles fought and won;
With solemn voices blended,
Of drums and bells and gun,
Lay him down,
Where angels
In an unsetting sun,
The unnumbered tramp of battle
Beats in his pulse no more;
He hears no more the rattle,
He hears no more the roar,
Fixed within
By the dim
On the bloody fields of yore.

In him, through years unslaking,
The early conflicts lay;
His great, still spirit leaving
The fight at Clippewa;
Lundy's Lane,
Through his grain
Streak deeper than the bay.

And O'Connell's tower within him,
And Cervo's height,
Like giant watchtowers to him
From life's sun, sleeping bright;
High and calm
In their place,
He kept the way of right.

And Ames built, repeating
His firm, victorious tread,
Found in his spirit meeting
Fit for his mighty deed;
Walker men
Never again
Their influence round him shed.

In time when others faltered
Before the storm that blew,
His mighty soul, unshaken
By war's quaking view,
Stood in strain,
Stood unmoved and true.

And he, in mercy loving,
Through weariness of years,
Was kept unto the proving
Of hopes that knew no fears;
Gently then
First of men
He passed, and left us tears.

His long life-march is ended,
His battles fought and won;
With solemn voices blended,
Of drums and bells and gun,
Lay him down,
Where angels
In an unsetting sun.

Useful and Curious.

THE STAMPED OF THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS.

The shades of night were falling fast,
When through St. Ann's a village passed
A boy—the smallest ever seen—
Who cried: "They come, the Finns are coming!"
The Finns are coming!"

Up jumped the Captain, brave and true
As ever British valour drew,
And shouted: "Hut, my boys, my men!
Up, boys, and save yourselves who can—
The Finns are coming!"

As Captain shouted, he took the lead,
And on he went at Gallop speed;
His train-band followed, hot and fast,
Each shouting wildly, as he passed:
"The Finns are coming!"

Old men in night-gowns and despair,
Widows and wives, and virgins fair,
Poured out to swell the wild retreat,
And in shrill tones the cry repeat:
"The Finns are coming!"

On sped the host, through miry roads;
The demon, Fear, each victim goads;
No pause for breath, no snatch of rest;
The fastest legs were soonest best,
When Finns were coming.

Thus on the frightened rabble tore,
Through bog and brambles, for miles a score;
Scattered with mud, with terror blind,
Weary and worn, at length they find
No Finns were coming.

Their guns and knap-sacks, thrown away,
Along the road-side scattered lay;
While, far behind, the Finns' land
Slipped in their camp, in Yankee land,
Nor ever thought of coming.

The Fun of the Thing.

FOR THE FARMER.

When to cut wheat.
The usual practice among farmers is to let wheat stand, before it is cut, until the straw is entirely changed from green to yellow, and the grain has become hard and nearly or quite dry. Numerous experiments have been made in this country, but more particularly in England, to determine at what period of ripening it is best to cut wheat, having in view the greatest yield of grain, and that of the best quality. It is well known to those who have investigated the subject, that the ripening of the seeds consists entirely of certain chemical processes, which we cannot here attempt to explain, that are of importance to be considered in order to make the most of the crop after it has been grown. The immature grain of wheat, in its early stage, is found to be filled with a milky fluid, which gradually changes in consistency, from this milky state, to one more firm and solid.

These experiments have been instituted to determine with accuracy at what period of this change the grain should be harvested to secure the greatest advantages. The unanimous opinion appears to be, that if grain is cut soon after the straw below the head has turned yellow, while the lower part of stem is still green, and the seed yet remains in a soft and doughy state, the grain will weigh more to the bushel and yield a greater amount from a given space of ground, that more and better flour is made from it, and where the straw is to be fed to stock, it is relished better and is more nutritious than if the grain was allowed to stand until it became fully ripe.

These experiments have been so frequently made and with such uniform results, that we feel unwilling to let the coming harvest pass without reminding our readers of the fact. A very careful series of experiments were made of this character, some years since, in Yorkshire, England, by Mr. John Hannam, and he sums up the loss by shelling, and in the weight and quality of the grain, from letting it stand until fully ripe, equal to 86 per cent; this sum, or even half of it, should not be lost sight of by the farmer.

—Colman's Rural World.

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Weeds—How to Dispose of Them.

WEEDS ARE THE GARDENER'S ENEMIES; AND VERY PERSISTENT ENEMIES THEY ARE, MAINTAINING A CONSTANT CAMPAIGN AGAINST HIS SUCCESS.

The thorough gardener understands this perfectly well, and is no less hostile to these careless intruders than they are to him. On his premises they are not allowed to flourish; one of them scarcely appears above the soil before it is rooted up and destroyed.

But, unfortunately, there are some who are not so vigilant. The noxious weeds flourish, and deprive the useful vegetables of the best part of the nourishment which they would otherwise obtain. And in such cases, as autumn approaches, instead of clean beds of vegetables, that delight the eyes of the housewife, we see a perfect jungle of grass, dockweed and other pests, an unendurable plague to the prudent husbandman.

Now, good reader, if this be the unhappy plight of your own garden, it is time to change your tactics; and though it be late in the season, you can begin now. You need not wait until another spring before you begin the work of improvement. To be sure, you cannot prevent the growth of these pests, that may have already taken place, but you may prevent their ripening seed for another crop; and, moreover, you may turn this growth to some account in improving your land.

This is the way to dispose of them: Clean out your garden, removing as far as possible every weed, root and branch, but do not leave them scattered all over the surface of the ground. If you do, they will be very apt to take root and grow. Besides, if left exposed directly under the sun, their fertilizing values will be wasted, for the greatest part of their substance will decompose and escape by evaporation. The best way is to gather them into heaps, and cover with a little dirt, and leave them to decay. This will leave the ground clean, and it will retain so much longer than it otherwise would; and they will assist to improve the soil which their growth has helped to impoverish.

—Canada Farmer.

Early Curing Grass.

HAVE OUR PEOPLE THOUGHT OF THE EARLY HARVESTING OF THEIR GRASS? REMEMBER, A FORTNIGHT'S DELAY WILL SPOIL YOUR HAY.

Bad weather may give you that delay; begin then in time. Let clover be mowed in blossom—then cut and cure—in the cock; even if not cured as much as desirable, it will do for cattle. So with grass in general. For horses, a little more maturity may be given—but in all cases avoid the wood. Never permit the only substance to be drawn from the stem into the seed—the seed to drop off, as is usually the case. It is a nice thing to cut and cure your hay just right—got it in bright and fragrant, and feed it out so in the winter. If you have not as good luck as is desirable in curing your hay the first year, be not discouraged. Try the second. There is a most decided benefit in the end—depend on it.

In Pennsylvania they have a threshing machine which becomes a hay cutter on reversing the teeth.

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